THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

No. 27.

Boston, Saturday, November 1, 1806.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. LII.

.....

It has been objected to the Wanderer, that notwithstanding he numbers so many females among his readers, he has scarcely devoted a paper to their particular amusement. He assures them, however, that it is not for want of respect, that he has hitherto omitted his attentions, nor from want of gallantry that he has not accepted their favors. Desirous, however, of correcting a fault before it increases into an unpardonable crime, he will immediately begin his progress of reformation by inserting the letters of his friend.

Dear Wanderer,

I read your paper every Saturday, but I shall not continue to do so any longer, unless you pay a little more attention to our sex—You hardly deign to pay us a passing compliment, and treat us with as little ceremony as if we were merely capacitated to regulate a kitchen, or give orders in a nursery. Indeed, Sir, your great ancestor, the Spectator, did not refuse to pay particular attention, number after number, to the cut of a cap or to the form of a furbelow, the humblest ornament of female decoration; and another of your predecessors, who long delighted the town with his elegant sentiments and splendid diction, would ramble day after day among the fashions of the Ladies. I see nothing therefore that you have, which can give a privilege of exemption from similar civilities, and I enclose you a letter from a friend of mine, which I expect you will make public for the benefit of all who are similarly situated.

With due regard, your reader,

IMPERIA.

MOUNT VERNON, OCT.

Dear Imperia,

I am perfectly at a loss how to conduct myself in this censorious metropolis. I find on one side that reserve is considered as prudery, and treated with contempt; and that freedom is levity and liable to insult. To be ignorant exposes one to sneers and ridicule, and to appear accomplished produces rivalship and enmity. But what I have most reason to complain of, is the habit your town's people have of proclaiming every little common attention of civility, to be a serious engagement. One would think that I, a stranger among you, would have a right to require the politeness of the ladies and the attentions of the gentlemen, without giving occasion to the most ill-natured cynic to place the one to the score of love, or introduce the other as a competition for pre-eminence. But I find it is so univer-

sally; and I have no peculiar right to complain, as the inconvenience is common. If a Gentleman dance twice with a Lady, he is proclaimed publicly to be under an engagement of marriage; if he is twice seen with her in the same box at the Theatre, something more is intended than a common acquaintance; and if for the pleasure of her society, or to pay the attentions which politeness requires to the stranger or the resident, he passes one or two evenings familiarly in her company, it is instantly enquired when they will be married, and all farther visiting is considered as intrusion on the part of gentlemen, and civility by the lady condemned as coquetry.

This habit, my friend, affects me very little, as my residence here is soon to be terminated; it does however, my dear girl, in some degree diminish the value of that hospitality which has so peculiarly marked the inhabitants of Boston. But I should think it would essentially mar the felicity of those who are the constant objects of its sport. Separate from the injury which it does to the feelings of a delicate woman to have such reports originating, without any appearance of a cause, it interferes with her interest, because it is a bar to the addresses of others, who might have been so well pleased as to make her the object of serious attention, had they not understood that in all probability her heart was already engaged; and both honor and decency would teach a man rather to restrain his feelings than interfere with the previous arrangement of his friend.

But my greatest objection to this foolish trifling with other's feelings, and wanton intrusion on their private avocations, is that it must check every thing like familiar intercourse among the unmarried of both sexes, and thus destroy those advantages to the manners and disposition of each, which spring from each other's society. A gentleman of honor would feel unhappy that his conduct should raise a *report* which would never be realized, and dread its effects on a young lady with whose prospects he would not interfere, and whose affections he felt no desire of securing. If he found that acquaintance on familiar style could not be retained without originating observations, he would withdraw from her society, and sacrifice his pleasure to her quiet. I speak not from conjecture, my friend, for several young men to whom I have spoken of this strong propensity, have assured me that this was the case. It becomes then a fault which they should censure, as producing an inconvenience of which they principally feel the effect. Now, my friend, on whom do you think the blame of this conduct ought to fall? It is my serious opinion on our own sex. We do know they have more leisure for reflection on this business of the heart, than the other, and have less concerns of importance to draw off their attention. Foolish girls therefore, who impertinently interfere in the arrangement of others; who have themselves been disappointed and act from revenge, or are still anxious, and influenced by hope, or who have nothing else to employ their loquacity about, (and surely nothing requires so little understanding) turn their attention to this prolific subject, and occasion the many difficulties, which such conduct produces. I know not my dear, but I am too fastidious, yet never hear a lady joking her friend on a partiality for any particular person, but I think her in some degree forfeiting her character for delicacy. If you think I am to

severe, put it to the account of my education ; an inexperienced country girl cannot be familiar with your city habits ; but it is really the impression of nature which leads me to censure such conduct, not merely as a breach of decorum and good manners, but as a piece of rudeness and indelicacy. I am sure my friend, that a lady of feeling and sentiment never errs in this way, and I have remarked that those whose own hearts were really alive to merit and love, had too much tenderness ever to give a wound by sporting with the feelings of others under the fancies of engagements and matrimony. I submit to you, my friend, these ideas in answer to the questions you proposed me, and because I think it a habit by much too prevalent for the comfort of those who are exposed to its evils, and because it is so very different from the constructions that are put on the innocent and familiar meetings in my native village, as to strike me immediately with no agreeable contrast. Excuse me if I err, and believe me,

Your sincere friend,

..... RURA.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SIGNIOR DEAFFERARI, late from Utopia, informs the Gentlemen of Boston, that he can teach them the most desirable faculty of reconciling *inattention* with *civility*. His pupils, after a very few lessons, may be in company with the most beautiful woman, who may alternately exercise the powers of music and the attractions of nature, and yet not be in the least affected. He teaches the proper time when to ask a lady to sing, when to praise her performance and beg a repetition, without giving his pupils the least trouble of listening to the music ; by means of which, those unfortunate mistakes may be avoided which sometimes occur,—such as praising the execution of a tune before it has commenced, or forgetting to speak of it at all.—Likewise teaches the true style in which conversation should be carried on while a lady is singing or performing on any instrument, so as not to disturb more than half the company. Also informs, that he can teach any lady to play and sing in such manner that the conversation of half a dozen gentlemen at her elbow shall not put her out of tune.—Apply at the lounging room. E.

FOR THE EMERALD.

Messrs. Editors,

I forward you the enclosed anecdotes, which I believe have never appeared in print ; if you think they will amuse your readers you have the liberty of publishing them. LOUNGER.

THE LAWYER'S WIGS.

The celebrated SERJEANT DUNNING, afterwards LORD ASHBURNHAM, was a true lover of amusement, and always ready to be the leader of any thing like sport. One time at the middle circuit the lawyers from London who attended the court, not willing to trust the Norwich Barbers, had sent their wigs in boxes by the stage coach. It is the etiquette of the English Bar, that no one appear at it but in a full dressed three tail'd wig, and a neglect of this ceremony would be considered a contempt of court, and endanger a commitment of the negligent counsellor. Dunning, who happened to be at the tavern when the stage coach arrived, and finding what was the contents of the Boxes, got a boy immediately to pay the fare and sent them a half a dozen miles into the country. The Lawyers arrived the next day in their carriage just in time to dress for the court, and dispatched a messen-

ger for their wigs, but no wigs were any where to be found. *D—n it, Sir, says one, have you seen my wig? Curse that stageman, says another, he has delivered my Box to the wrong boy. Waiter, says a third, go to the stage-house and bring my wig. The bell is ringing: Sir, says the waiter, there is no wig there.* D—n it, what is to be done; mine is the first cause in the docket. In the mean while the chief Justice had taken his seat on the Bench, and was astonished to find not a single Barrister but Serjeant Dunning; he threatened to commit them for contempt, to non-suit, default them, and reprimand them publicly, and a bailiff was proceeding to the actual execution of his orders, when a letter arrived from the Lawyers, who had found it convenient to assemble for their common defence, begging humble pardon of his Lordship for creating delay, but that some unfortunate accident had destroyed *their wigs*, and there was not one among them who could make a decent appearance.

PARSIMONY PUNISHED.

Counsellor Jones of London, after having retired from his professional concerns, by means of which he had realized a fortune of from forty to fifty thousand guineas, was not less noted for his parsimony than his wealth. He still retained his old partiality for theatricals, but the expence it occasioned was exceedingly grievous; it was his custom, however, to come when the play was nearly half over, and purchase his ticket at a reduced price, as is the manner at the theatres royal. In this way he was attended by the maid who swept his chambers. She commonly preceded him with a lantern, as he was too old to venture without a light, and too parsimonious to take a coach, she would stay for him in the lobby where the company waited after the play for their carriages, and when most of them had dispersed, he would follow her home. Some young Bucks, knowing this practice of the Counsellor, who by the way was a noted character in the city, resolved to have a little sport with his avarice. They accordingly intimated their design to the porter who attends the box lobby, and by means of a half guinea got him to consent to their plan. One evening at a crowded house when the Barrister was present, the porter as usual announced the carriages. My Lord G's chariot; Sir Wm. Draper's coach; Lady Fielding's curricle; the Dutchess of Portland's chariot and footmen; *Counsellor Jones' maid and lantern.* The peals of laughter which this piece of wit occasioned, prevented the Counsellor ever after from visiting the theatre with his maid and lantern.

THEATRE.

At nunc lævior ære, vel rotundo
Horti tubere, quod creavit unda
Ridentes fugis & times.

.....

George Barnwell, *(Lillo)* and The Romp—Wednesday, Oct. 22.

Richard the Third, *(Shakespeare)* and Shipwreck—Friday, Oct. 24.

Richard the third and Rival Soldiers.—Monday, Oct. 27.

We very much regret the accident which has prevented the appearance of this evening's Ordeal.—The Milwood of Mrs. *Shaw*, the Richard of *Master Loring*, and more than all, the *Barnwell* of Mr. Poe, would have furnished a fund of amusement; and while criticism has been banished by the frivolity of the performance, ridicule and humour might have sported with the curiosities in dramatic art that the last week has exhibited.

Selected for the Emerald.

.....

[The antient world abounded with men who under the name of Philosophy inculcated whatever systems of pleasure or pain, of amusement or melancholy they had chosen to adopt, and these were as various as their different fancies could devise. The antients had their Philosophers of every description from the dull insensibility of the stoic to the lively dissipation of the epicurian. We have presented a view of the first, and the following may serve as its companion picture. In form and prominence it is the same, but in coloring it is a perfect contrast. The other had collected the darkest shades and spread a gloom, a chill over the feelings, this has the livelier rays of light and is suited to gaiety and sport. We feel however not much more congeniality with Aristippus than Diogenes, and would not be pleased, at exchanging our own systems with either. But it is not merely the antients who are teazed with philosophers—every city and almost every village *among us* has its oracle of learning, who with the vain confidence of philosophy proclaim systems as excentric and theories as visionary as any that were propagated in antient times, and we trust some modern Anacharsis when he travels among us will amuse himself with giving a delineation of their manners.—*Em. Ed's.*]

ARISTIPPUS knew that the Athenians had been prepossessed against him; and as he was always ready to answer to the censures of those who disapproved his conduct, he pressed me to give him an opportunity to justify himself.

You are accused, said I, of having flattered a tyrant, which is a horrid crime. He replied: I have explained to you the motives of my visit to the court of Syracuse, which was then full of philosophers, who were setting themselves up for reformers. I adopted the character of a courtier, without laying aside that of an honest man: I applauded the good qualities of the younger Dionysius; I neither blamed nor commended his defects, nor was it proper for me to do so; I only knew that it was easier to endure than to correct them.

My indulgent and easy character inspired him with confidence: a few happy repartees, which sometimes escaped me, amused his leisure moments. I never betrayed the truth when he consulted me on important questions. As I wished him to know the extent of his duties, and to restrain the violence of his disposition, I often said in his presence, that a well informed man differs from another who is not so, as a courser, docile to the bit, differs from an ungovernable horse.

On the subject of his mode of government I spoke with freedom, sometimes with indiscretion. Soliciting him one day for a friend, he would not hearken to me. I fell on my knees, and was censured by some for my servility. My answer was: Is it my fault if this man has his ears in his feet?

Whilst I was one day requesting Dionysius in vain to grant me some favour, he thought proper to offer one to Plato, who did not accept it. I said aloud: The king runs no risk of ruining himself; he gives to those who refuse, and refuses those who ask.

He often proposed problems to us, and suddenly interrupting us, gave the solution of them himself. He once said to me: Let us discuss some question in philosophy: begin.—What, said I, for you to have the pleasure of concluding, and of teaching me what you say you wish to know. He was piqued, and at supper ordered me to the bottom of the table. The next day he asked me how I had found that place.—You intended, no doubt, answered I, to make it for a short time the most honorable.

You are still further reproached, said I, with your taste for riches, for ostentation, good cheer, women, perfumes, and every species of sensuality. That I brought with me into the world, replied he; and I thought that by exercising it with moderation, I should at once satisfy both nature and reason. I enjoy the comforts of life, and dispense with them without difficulty. I have been seen at the court of Dionysius clad in a purple robe; but in other places I have worn sometimes a garment of the wool of Miletus, and sometimes a home-spun cloak.

Dionysius treated us according to our wants. To Plato he gave books; to me he gave money, which did not remain long enough in my hands to soil them. I paid fifty drachmas* for a partridge, and said to some one who expressed his surprise: Would not you have given an obolus† for it?—Certainly.—Well, then, I think no more of these fifty drachmas than you would of an obolus.

I had laid up a certain sum of money for my journey into Libia: my slave who carried it was unable to keep up with me; I therefore ordered him to throw part of this heavy and incommodious metal into the road.

An accident deprived me of a country-house that I was very fond of. One of my friends endeavoured to console me. Be not uneasy, said I to him; I possess three others, and am more satisfied with what I have left than grieved at what I have lost: it is for children only to weep and throw away all their play-things when one is taken away from them.

After the example of the most rigid philosophers, I present myself to Fortune like a ball, that she may roll about at her pleasure, but which giving her no hold is incapable of being injured. Does she place herself by my side, I stretch out my hands to her: does she spread her wings to take her flight, I render back her gifts, and suffer her to depart. She is a capricious female, whose caprices frequently amuse, but can never afflict me.

The liberality of Dionysius enabled me to keep a good table, to wear elegant clothes, and be served by a great number of slaves. Many philosophers, who professed a more rigid morality, loudly condemned me; to which I answered only by pleasantries. Polyxenus, who imagined his mind to be the repository of every virtue, found me one day with some handsome women, and making preparations for a great supper. He inveighed against me with all the bitterness of philosophic zeal; I suffered him to go on, and when he had done talking, proposed that he should stay with us: he accepted the invitation, and soon convinced us, that if an enemy to expence, he was as fond of good living as his corruptor.

In fine, for it is impossible for me to justify my doctrine better than by my actions, Dionysius sent for three courtezans, and gave me my choice of one. I carried them all off, alleging, that the preference which Paris gave to one of three goddesses had cost him too dear. I afterward reflected, that the pleasure of possessing their charms would be equal to that of subduing my passions, and sending them home returned quietly to my own house.

(To be continued.)

* Forty-five livres (1l. 17s. 6d.)

† Three sols (three halfpence.)

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

ALCIBIADES had a very handsome dog of a prodigious size, which had cost him three score and ten minæ, (about 710 American dollars) and one day caused his tail which was his greatest beauty, to be cut off. His friends censured him very much on the account, and said the whole city blamed him exceedingly for spoiling the beauty of so handsome a creature. *This is the very thing I want*, (says Alcibiades with a smile) *I would have the Athenians discourse about what I have done to my dog, that they may not entertain themselves with saying worse things about me.*

ALCIBIADES, after flying from his country, was informed the Athenians had condemned him to death, *I shall make them know*, said he, *that I am still alive.*

THE ATHENIANS

were alike conspicuous for genius and elegance: the following anecdote illustrates their disposition for humor. The circumstance would be considered an impertinence in these times, which would hardly be passed over in contempt, and the man who like *Cleon* should go into our Congress or General Court, would be considered as a lunatic and expelled the assembly, or if he shew any thing like reason, be *committed for contempt!*

One day when the Assembly was fully formed, and the people had set down and taken their seats, Cleon, after having made them wait his coming a great while, appeared at last with a wreath of flowers upon his head, and desired the people to adjourn their deliberations to the next day. To day (says he) I have business; I have been sacrificing to the Gods and am to entertain some strangers, my friends, at supper. the Athenians setting up a laugh, rose and broke up the Assembly.

This anecdote reminds us of another of the present monarch of England, who discovered in it morewit than he usually has credit for. A play had been commanded by his Majesty, and the curtain was of course kept down till he arrived. The audience waited nearly an hour with great impatience, and saluted the royal visitor with an universal hiss on his appearance, for having detained them so long. The King pausing a second, rose from his seat and took out his watch, when having cast his eyes on it, he bowed respectfully to the audience, who immediately changed their hiss into a burst of applause, for the respect and deference which his Majesty had shown them.

It was from a natural fund of humanity and benevolence that the Athenians were so attentive to the rules of politeness, and so delicate in point of just behaviour, qualities one would not expect among the common people. In the war against Philip of Macedon, having intercepted one of his couriers, they read all the letters he carried except that of Olympias to his wife, which they returned sealed up and unopened out of regard to conjugal love, the rights of which are sacred and ought to be respected even among enemies. The same Athenians having directed that a strict search should be made after the presents distributed by Harpalus among the Orators, would not suffer the house of Cablicles who was lately married to be

visited out of respect to his bride lately brought home.

If it be true according to the remark of many writers that attention to the sex is the criterion of refinement, we shall be found many centuries behind this polite people. Delicacy or politeness are terms unknown to the politician who is developing a plot, or the defenders of freedom when searching after a bribe.

The following composition is cited by M. de Maillard, in an epistle to M. Voltaire, to show how nearly the same thoughts may be conceived and expressed by two persons; for tho' it resembles the subsequent lines in Tibullus, he supposes the lady knew not Latin enough to read.

TUNC tibi mitis erit, rapias tunc cara licebit
Oscula, pugnatia, sed tamen apta dabit.
Rapta dabit primo, post offeret ipsa volenti,
Post etiam collo se implicuisse volet.
[Tibull. L. i. El. 14.

A SONNET, *written by the celebrated Madam* DESEOULLIERHS.

ALCIDON contre sa bergere
Gagea trois baisers que son chien
Troeroit plutot quele sien
Un chalumean cache sous la fougere.
La bergere perdit & pour ne rien payer
Elle voulut tout employer.
Mais contre un tendre cœur c'est envain qu'on s'obstine;
Si des baisers gages par Alcidon,
Le premier fut unre rapine,
Les deux autres furent un don.

ENGLISHED.

WITH *Phillis* young *Colin* three kisses would lay,
That his dog found his pipe which lay hid in some hay.
The shepherdess lost; but she strove might and main,
That the shepherd the kisses she lost might not gain;
But her heart grew more soft, as more closely he prest,
The first when he'd stolen, she gave him the rest.

On seeing HAUGHAM ABBEY *a fine old Ruin in* England, *white-washed.*

How awful once thy antient face,
How spoilt by vain renewing,
Of old thy gravity was grace,
Now spruceness thy undoing.

Thou who wast once a rev'rend sage,
Alike in fact and show,
Art now ridiculous in age,
And look'st a battered beau.

THE VALITUDINARIAN.

IT is an unreasonable thing some men expect of their acquaintance. They are ever complaining that they are out of order, or displeased, or they know not how, and they are so far from letting that be a reason for retiring to their own homes, that they make it their argument for coming into company. What has any body to do with a man's being indisposed but his physician? If a man laments in company, where the rest are in humor enough to enjoy themselves, he should not take it ill if a servant be ordered to present him with a cup of caudale or posset drink by way of admonition that he go home to bed. That part of life, which we ordinarily understand by the word conversation, is an indulgence to the sociable part of our make, and should incline us to bring our proportion of good will or humor among the friends we meet with, and not trouble them with relations, which must of necessity oblige them to real or feigned afflictions.

HUMOR.

Yesterday an ancient Briton named Griffith, was brought before the chief magistrate, charged with an assault and battery upon the person of a German philosopher, who is also a dealer in cheese, sour crout, smoaked sausages, and other savory viands, of which assault and battery the complainant exhibited the sad

marks, in a pair of black eyes, and a countenance covered by the masterly strokes of an adept in pugilism.

The German stated, that he was in a public house on Wednesday night, in company with a number of persons, of whom Griffith was one, and that having had some warm disputes with a sawyer, who was not at present forthcoming, the contest was some time ended when the sawyer, after cool & mature deliberation, stood up, and struck him with his fist on the eye; and that immediately afterwards, the rest of the company, amongst whom was Griffith, entered into a very liberal subscription of the same kind of compliments, attacked him *en masse*, and beat him unmercifully. The sawyer ran away, and the rest of the company followed his example in this also; and the only one of whom he had yet been able to obtain custody was Griffith.

W. Griffith, in his defence, gave quite a different version of the story; and from his statement it appeared that the sawyer, who it seemed was also a philosopher, though of a different school, was very warmly engaged in an astronomical discussion with the German, touching the order of the system in which our earth is planted. The German obstinately maintaining the doctrine of Tycho Brahe, that our earth is stationary, and that the sun and planets move round it, as a centre; while the sawyer, who is a disciple and champion of the Copernican school, maintained the doctrine of Newton, and the moderns. Much ale and beer were exhausted in the dispute, and much of learning and eloquence lavished on both sides. The contest became too hot, to be sustained by words, and the parties, unable to bring each other to reason by the dint of argument, resorted at last, to the *ultima ratio regum*. The sawyer told the German, that if he would promise not to take the law of him, he would knock him down. The German, sensible of his kindness, acceded to the proposal, which was immediately ratified under the sign manual of the sawyer upon the best eye of the German, who countersigned in his turn, upon the nose of his antagonist. War being thus commenced, according to the law of arms, as laid down by Grotius, the battle waxed hot; and the sawyer, though the smaller, proving the better man, and too much for his antagonist in pugilistical logic, Griffith, as a mediator, stepped in to negociate for peace, if possible; and in endeavouring to separate the parties out of the focus of mutual attraction, the German seized a pewter pot, and with it proceeded to demonstrate upon the head and arms of Griffith, a problem on the attraction and collision of bodies.

The magistrate dismissed the charge, as against Griffith, and told the complainant to find out the sawyer, as the proper object of his prosecution. [*London p.*

In the Limerick paper, an Irish gentleman, whose lady had absconded from him, thus cautions the public against trusting her:—My *wife* has eloped from me without *rhyme or reason*, and I desire no one will trust her on my account, *for I am not married to her*.

On the effects of Music.

The following is an observation of Tartini, "Music is but the art of combining sounds; nothing now remains of it but its material part, divested of all that spirit with which it formerly was animated. By neglecting the rules which directed its operation to a single point, its ob-

ject is now vague and general. If I experience from it impressions of joy or grief, they are wild and indefinite: for the effect of the art is perfect only when it is specific and individual."

For the Emerald.

EPIGRAM.....THE ROSCII.

Master LORING, have you seen? He acts so well his part,
That every body says he's a BETTY at the art.

NOTICES.

THE CONVENTION OF JEWS which Bonaparte has assembled at Paris, is an interesting object both to religion and literature. What will be the effect of his enquires into the order and government of this disconnected and untractable people, it is impossible to determine; but it would not surprise us to find some remarkable effect produced from this novel assembly. There has certainly been nothing heretofore which seemed to lead the way for the fulfilment of the prophecies respecting them, so easily as this convention. If it should lead to a closer intercourse with christians than heretofore, and dissipate the prejudices which prevent enquiry, it may possibly be the first step to a new order of things among them. It appears by the following account, that they are treated with great respect and seem in some measure already to have laid aside their natural parsimonious character.

"The ninety-six Jew-Deputies assembled at Paris, are very constant in their sittings. They dress in black and deliberate with their heads uncovered. A guard of honor of fifty men attends at the door, and turns out with presented arms on the arrival and departure of the Deputies. Such as have no equipages of their own are conveyed thither and back in the Emperor's carriages. A deputation of the entire number has been presented to the Emperor by the home minister, Champagny, one of whom, Rabi Sagar, of Turin, had a private audience with him, which lasted two hours.

The NEW GALEN, from *London*, usually brings an importation of news, for the politician; fashions for the ladies; and literature for the student. With regard to the first article we have no concern, and have not yet learnt how large a stock she has brought of either of the other manufactures. The periodical publications, of which we shall "*receive a large supply*," will enable us to give a better account in our next number.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank our "old friend" for the hints he has favored us with, and are happy to find he can so well appreciate labor. He will discover much justice in the application of the following lines:

———*What would you have us do*
When out of twenty we can please not two;
One likes the pheasant's wing *and one the*
leg,
The vulgar boil, *the learned* roast *an egg*
Hard task to please the palate of such
guests.

We have been diverted with a letter from a love-sick correspondent, who forgot to whom he was writing by thinking of his mistress. Whether he meant a communication for the Emerald or to regret that he was out of favor, whether he complains that we have taken his name from our list of subscribers or that his mistress has discarded him from the number of her lovers, whether he is sober or sad, in good humor, or sorrowful it is impossible to determine.

Quiquid agit Rufus, nihil est, nisi Nævia
Rufo
Si gaudit, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur
Cantat, propinat, poscit, negat, anuit, una
est
Nævia; si non sit Nævia, mutuus erit
Scriberit hesterna patri cum luce salutem
Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia numen ave.

Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit or
walk
Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk
Let him eat, drink, ask questions or
dispute
Still he must talk of Nævia or be mute
He wrote his father ending with this
line
I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine.

POETRY.

For the Emerald.

FABLE....22.

THE VIRTUOSO AND THE BUTTERFLY.

To a Parent.

I HATE the man of little mind,
To futile meannesses confin'd,
Who never ventures from the ground,
Of a vain trifler's narrow bound,
And plodding on, forgets his claim,
To subjects of a nobler aim.
A Virtuoso—one whose mind
To little things alone confin'd,
By fashion and by whim directed—
All useful sciences neglected.
Now pass'd the *busy* scenes of strife,
That fill the void of useless life;
And daily verging to the grave,
Thus to his son, his charge he gave.
Behold! my son, this curious hoard,
Which my life's labor thus hath stor'd!
Here lie bones, butterflies and shells,
And there th' immortal mummy dwells:
O! ne'er divide a stock so rare,
Obtain'd with cost, and kept with care,
Soon must I yield, alas! my breath,
Age comes, the harbinger of death.
Let nothing more, thy thoughts pursue,
Preserve these things, my son, adieu!
A Butterfly, perch'd near the place,
Cries whence this hatred to our race!
Engag'd in vain, in low pursuits,
Which sure thy reasoning power refutes,
How dost thou, inconsid'rate man!
Degenerate from nature's plan?
Man, boasting man, creation's lord,
Draws forth his all-puissant sword,
He buckles on his shining shield,
And rushes to the glorious field,
Resolv'd to conquer, or to die,
And wages war—with what? a fly.
Is this mature reflection's choice?
Does this comport with reason's voice?
Say from what secret sources spring,
This partial care for little things?
Yesterday you saw my form *
Trail o'er the ground, a humble worm;
To-day, behold! from earth it springs,
Borne thro' the air on golden wings.
View this, and act a different part,
And let this moral touch thy heart,
For once reflect—for once be grave,
Think that thou hast a soul to save.
What is this bias of the mind,
That makes you to reflection blind?
—'Tis prejudice that haunts you still,
Contracts your good, augments your ill,
Commences with your earliest breath,
Nor leaves you on the bed of death.
Then early shape the busy mind,
To the first bend the tree 's inclin'd;
This teach, while youth preserves her fires,
For age retains, what youth acquires.

* *See Dr. Byles'* Meditation of Cassim.

For the Emerald.

A SIMILE.....ON COMPANY.

[*The following is better for its morality than its wit. Our correspondent will not be offended at the remark, as we praise him on the best side.*]

As brooks which come from distant hills
Will often mix with other rills;
Or if they roam thro' od'rous meads
Where lilies raise their flowery heads;
Or pass through some enamell'd green
(By way of similie, I mean)
Or if through minerals they came,
They'll bear some tincture of the same.
So man as thro' the world he goes
Is just like water as it flows;
For if good company he's pass'd in,
The impression will be strong & lasting,
But if bad company 's his aim,
He'll bear some tincture of the same.

For the Emerald.

EPIGRAM.....TO A LEVITE.

More Miltonica!

Who is that wight a *Stranger* cries,
In silken vest and sable guise,
Bepowder'd thus with pride elate?
A Friend the *Stranger* thus address'd,
"Sir, he's a *minister*, or priest,
"Who walketh in so great estate."
That priests who whilome humble were,
Should trip with so uplifted air,
With such a huge and monstrous hat
I ken doth much deride his cloth, [on,
Who prays for coat uneat by moth,
And wealth on which no thief might batten.
I *wert* he dines on sumptuous *cate*;—
In ancient times the like was ne'er:
For I should really ween he were
Yclep'd A MINISTER OF STATE.

SELECTED

PALMYRA.

A Tale.

FAR from the splendid world, amid the wild
Romantic scenery of the Cambrian rocks,
Where the wave dashes o'er the whiten'd cliff,
And from the mountain's summit, tree-enrob'd,
Thunders the falling torrent: where the vale
Spreads its broad breast, the savage hills between,
Waving its yellow harvest on the wind;
Where tangled beech, and lime thick interwove,
Shadow the tasteful dome, and hang their boughs
Round the low lattice, open to the gales
That waft the woodbine's and the vine's perfume;
Where from the opposing rocks' gigantic heights,
Heights thyme-encover'd, leaps the infant kid,
Daring and thoughtless, like the youth of man—
The brave Lysander liv'd;—from toil retir'd,
He bade his laurels mingle with the crown
Which acorn buds engarland; he had wont
To live amid the dangers of a camp,
But now his useless arms lay vacant by,
And serv'd alone to illustrate the tale
Of hair-breadth 'scapes, and cities storm'd in blood:
Yes, he would often at the evening hour,
When the warm fire amid the social walls
Shed genial heat, and from the snowy wax
Flam'd mimic day upon the startled eye;
When the rain rattled on the shelter'd roof,
And the wind rag'd impotent; then, O then,
Drawn to the cheerful hearth, he'd sit and talk,
Smile, glow, or weep, as memory thrill'd his heart.
Meanwhile with animation, sweetness, grace,
His only child sat listening to the tale;
And now and then the silent tear would drop
O'er her lost mother's charms, her mother's worth;
That tear her sainted parent's spirit saw,
Exhal'd to heav'n, and treasur'd on her heart.
Palmyra was as fair as she was young,
The tenderest rose, that in your briar'd dell
Opens sequester'd, soften'd o'er her cheek;
The clearest lily which Italia's bower
Boasts as its pride, was polish'd on her neck,
And blanch'd far whiter, for her swelling breast.
Round *her* cheek (vein inlaid) the silken hair
In many an amber ring luxuriant curl'd
Thence, rich in liberal loveliness alone
O'er her low shoulders, like a sunny stream,
It poured its yellow light; or graceful wreath'd,
With bands of field flow'rs, closer to her head
She wove its fair profusion; or in net
Of silvery tint, captiv'd its plenteous charms.
Oft thro' the tressy gold, her azure eye
Smil'd sportive joyance, or far dearer sent
Long streams of sweetness to the softening soul:
India's white pearls, repos'd within her lips,
Where blush'd the ruby thro' a veil
Around whose deepen'd sweets unnumber'd loves,
And chaster graces, wav'd the snowy wing.—
Ah! she was lovelier than the boasted fair
Who rous'd contending monarchies to arms;
Fairer than Venus in her softest hour
More than Minerva awful, and in form
The graceful huntress of the grove whose limbs
The light winds mist enamour'd, as she flew,
Knew no perfection, like Palmyra shape.—

(To be continued.)

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